

## FEE RISE!

### Sports Union Fee Rise

A meeting of the A.N.U. Sports Union last Tuesday approved a rise in compulsory Sports Union fees for 1974. For undergraduate students the rise is one of 25%, from \$12 to \$16.

When the Sports Union was established in 1965 the compulsory fee was \$8.00 per member. This means that in 8 years there has been a 100% rise in Sports Union fees.

The reason for the rises through the years have been to enable the Union to expand and consolidate its activities on campus. It now employs three full time staff members, including Secretary Neil Grey, (Who earns \$8-9thousand p.a.) plus casual squash court attendants. The Sports Union claims it serves all students.

A closer examination of the fee rise however reveals manipulation by the Sports Union (S.U.) to give a false impression to students of the need for a fee rise, and it reveals also the S.U. indulging in organised 'stacking' in order to ensure its proposals were accepted.

Many reasons were given for the need to raise Union fees. Inflation of course was one of the major reasons, developmental costs was the other. Remember, the rise is one of 25%!

The S.U. has a history of being extremely generous with the money of students.

There is the instance of the new squash courts. The walls at first weren't plastered properly. The result was a lengthy delay in the opening of the courts and massive extra expenditure for replastering (approx \$2,000 per court. There are 6 courts). The new office of S.U. sec. Grey, has come in for much criticism from students for its unnecessary opulence and it appears so far that the proposals the S.U. has put forward to justify its fee increase suffer from the same faults. That is... lack of necessary fore thought and care-less extravagance.

The S.U. has claimed it needs \$50,000 to set up a new oval, \$50,000 for an oval that is not to be used for competitive sports, just for people to run around, and generally amuse themselves.

It said also that it is contemplating spending \$40,000 on a sailing centre. We already have a rowing shed (that was built initially to accommodate yachts as well), now a sailing shed is being asked for to provide for the students, few as they are, interested in sailing.

The Sports Union also claims it needs much loot to replace Kingsley St. hall with another indoor sports centre, Kingsley St. however has at least another 5 years of life left, as the Radio Station found out when it enquired about establishing itself there.

Another proposal of the S.U. is the hiring of a golf professional to give lessons on campus. At present there is no Golf Club, nor has much interest been expressed in the establishment of such a club.

These are some of the arguments used by the SU in justifying its demand for a fee increase. It means by which that august establishment went about ensuring the rise would be approved by its General Meeting are equally questionable.

The meeting to discuss the proposed rise was held in Bush Week, in the Physics Lecture theatre. That is in a week, when the university population is more than normally preoccupied with hanging off the walls of the bar, drinking, in a lecture theatre sufficiently far away from the Union to make the meeting inaccessible for many.

Publicity for the meeting was very limited. Many students complained after the event, that they were not aware the meeting was to be held, and that fee raises were being contemplated.

Prior to the meeting, Secretary Grey, sent circulars to all sporting clubs, advising them of the meeting and telling them to bring TEN friends to the meeting to 'ensure that the proposals are passed'.... and 'that the future of the S.U. is not placed in jeopardy.'

This blatant attempt to stack the meeting obviously succeeded. The fee rise was passed by 84 votes to 4.

And so the Sports Union has raised its fees and the privilege of university students has been increased and the economic barrier separating students from the rest of the community has been raised. Such is democracy in our little A.N.U.

## RIOTS IN PORT MORESBY



### A FIRST HAND REPORT



Josephine Abajiah

Port Moresby Riots  
By Our Special Port Moresby Correspondent.

When people are frightened or anxious they show it in a great variety of ways but a good gauge of their concern is how many times they raise the source of their concern in discussions. In Port Moresby last week the main topic of conversation among blacks and whites alike was the previous weekend's violence and their expectations of future developments.

Moresby last week was rife with fear and anxiety. Schools closed in the early part of the week, and though opened later, students stayed away in droves. Most people were only one half filled and most people stayed indoors at night. New Guineans and Papuans alike waited for the other to make the first move, both expecting the worst.

As reported in the Australian press, last weekend's 'football violence' was the worst case of overt antagonism ever between tribal groups in Moresby. Certainly there was violence in 1968 after a similar football game, but this was truly spontaneous and a case of Morrison 'football violence', but the 1973 violence was premeditated and a climax of continuing trends and specific recent events.

It would be unfair to claim that any single event was directly responsible for last Sunday's violence, latent fear and resentment has always existed in Port Moresby. It would be true though to say that the emergence, 9 weeks ago, of the Papua Movement led by the member for Central Negondi, Ms. Josephine Abajiah, was responsible for bringing these fears to the surface. The Papua Movement had based its campaign for a free Papua on exploiting these fears.

The Papua Movement has claimed that New Guineans want to destroy the good life that most Papuans have built up, represented by the ownership of cars and houses and other consumer durables and also take the jobs currently held by Papuans.

Ms. Abajiah's campaign has been very active in the mountain areas around Moresby especially in the Kerema and Goilala areas. In Moresby, these people especially the Goilala, make up the majority of the Papuan unskilled workforce. For the Goilala, the Chimby from the New Guineans highlands, represent competition for the unskilled labouring jobs, and with the enormous inflow of the Chimby especially over the last three years, the opportunities available to the Goilala have reduced the proportion. Inward immigration from the highlands has been one of the major causes of the high level of urban unemployment in Moresby, which has led to a significant increase in petty crime and considerable dissatisfaction in the community.

With the tribal split in Moresby being almost synonymous with a relative affluence split and also a temporary-permanent tenure split, the seeds of fear and frust-

ration on fertile soil. The Papuans are told by Ms Abajiah that the New Guineans resent their affluence, and challenge their life style. She claims that all New Guineans should be sent home to their villages or put into gaol. The New Guineans, predominantly unskilled, single and unemployed, live in cramped conditions either with wotoks (same language) or in squatter settlements around town. They represent the vast majority of the dispossessed in Moresby, and recognised in the Abajiah statements yet another attack on their already impoverished and trusting existence.

It can therefore be seen that by the time of the football match the lines were well drawn and it was no longer a question of why, but when, the frustrations would erupt.

However, even before the game's violence, a clash in the squatter's settlement of Morata on the Saturday night, where a party of Goilala men fought with a group of Eastern Highlanders previewed the next day's struggle. In this clash one man was killed and 3 were very seriously injured by knives in a direct Papuan-New Guinean struggle.

At the Game, where the real open and publicised violence began, the form of the struggle became clear. In the vast majority of clashes that occurred over the weekend it was the New Guineans on the attack and the Papuans either running or defending in very outnumbered struggles. The Sunday night struggle was not a large group struggle but a series of small clashes stretching from Waigani to Koki, about 6 miles. Groups, usually of New Guineans, lined the roads stopping cars and buses and searching out Papuans for a bashing.

In other areas, frustrations were vented on cars, and in the Papuan suburban areas, houses were stoned and any stray Papuan chased. At the time I travelled down the Waigani Drive at 6.00 that night, the road was scattered with glass and tear gas stung my eyes and nose. New Guineans were still gathered in groups by the road, but the majority seemed to have moved away.

In the suburb of Hohola, groups of New Guineans were walking up and down calling for Ms Abajiah, and it was obvious that she represented a prime target.

The Papuan backlash didn't really show its intensity till the hotel violence on the Monday attracted Papuans from the Rigoarea to try and take the fight to the New Guineans. However they were refused entry to the town area. Where

the backlash has really shown itself though is in the increased support for the Papua Movement and Ms Abajiah's increased confidence. Her deliberately provocative statements have spread widely and there appears little that Michael Somare can do to curtail her influence. She appeals to basic fears, reinforced she claims by the Sunday's violence and her derisive voice certainly carries more emotive appeal than the conciliatory tones of the Chief Minister and certainly more than Bill Morrison's unresponsive statements. It would be totally impossible to predict future developments; however certain matters will have a distinct bearing on the future. Obviously Sunday's violence won't be forgotten, Ms Abajiah won't let it. The future of unity will depend a great deal on how the Papua Movement develops. At the moment it is supported mainly by the fearful, as it really has no detailed policies as such, but if it is able to formulate a coherent policy platform it will be a significant force.

The effect that the weekend's violence has on the flow of migrants will be most significant. If it slows the rate of flow and in fact results in emigration by the New Guineans, which is less likely, it could decrease the tension and diminish the Papuan paranoia.

The events have had the effect of drawing out of the woodwork all the anti-Independence spokesmen, most claiming that the highlanders are not ready for Independence. The way Michael Somare handles this will be very important; he should I believe take it very seriously and use this as an opportunity to express the considerable advantages to both Papua and New Guinea of combined national independence. Michael Somare must positively take on these groups and the Papua Movement to try to neutralize its effect.

The test of the separatist movement will be gauged by whether or not the antagonism spreads outside Moresby. If it can be contained in Moresby, then the problems particular to Moresby can be corrected. However, if it does spread to other centres, the Somare Government will have a considerably more difficult task.

It is as important how Michael Somare reacts to the situation as how Bill Morrison treats the situation. One can only hope that he did not believe his July 23 statement. Morrison must take a positive move in this situation; it is natural that he should try and play down the trouble, which in reality, is as economic as it is tribal, however he should also recognise that any lack of certainty on his behalf must act to reinforce the fear-mongering of the Papua Movement. Fear seems the basic ingredient in the crisis, no confidence shown on behalf of all parties seems the basic requirement. Needless to say though Ms Josephine Abajiah will be a force to be reckoned with right on until December.

### VIETNAM AID APPEAL

As part of a general Vietnam Aid Appeal AUS is seeking financial contributions from university staff and students. Funds collected will be channelled to the Ministry of Health in North Vietnam and the Liberation Red Cross in South Vietnam. Some of the funds will be diverted towards an educational project. The intention is to assist the massive reconstruction necessitated by more than 13 million tons of bombs during thirty years of continual warfare. Bomb craters now cover approximately 345,000 acres of Vietnam. People wounded as a result of the war number about 2 million, refugees generated in South East Asia number almost 10 million.

Please give generously, the need is very real. Donations can be left at the S.R.C. Office or sent directly to AUS





**Workers control and sexuality.**

Dear Sir,  
Humanity not only produces it reproduces. These are the two main factors of evolutionary and revolutionary development. People are not only physical they are also mental. This paper is being presented to show how sexuality plays such an important part in both work and peoples' attitude toward work.

It is a far easier thing to change the economic base of society than it is to transform peoples' psychic structure.

Looking objectively at the Australian working class (I take no joy in pointing out this factor) you are confronted with widespread compulsive drinking and gambling. We also have the highest road fatalities for any country in the world. These factors are a reflection of the Australian working class.

The psychic structure of the mass does not always correspond to the class from which they derive.

There are millions of reactionary industrial workers just as there are many professors, physicians and intellectuals who support causes for freedom and liberation.

There is no simple mechanistic connection between social situation and character structure. It is interesting to note that Hitler Mussolini and Stalin, the three great authoritarian personalities of this century, came from the working class, and that nearly all the revolutionary leaders of this century and last came from the upper classes. Engels himself came from the ruling class (also an exceptional sexually liberated man).

The ability for workers to rebel is greatly tied up to sexuality, e.g. the Marxists of this century have shown the economic base gives rise to consciousness, but dialectics is a two-way thing. They have failed up to Reich to show how consciousness in turn effects the economic base. We have asked why the hungry worker demonstrated and why the poor peasant revolted but we have not asked why didn't the hungry worker demonstrate and the poor peasant revolt.

According to Wilhelm Reich: "The suppression of the natural sexuality in the child, particularly of its genital sexuality makes the child apprehensive, shy, obedient, afraid of authority, good and adjusted in the authoritarian sense. It paralyzes the rebellious forces because any rebellion is laden with anxiety it produces by inhibiting sexual curiosity and sexual thinking in the child a general inhibition of thinking and of general faculties. In brief the goal of sexual repression is that of producing an individual who is adjusted to the authoritarian order and who will submit to it in spite of all misery and degradation .... The result is fear of freedom and a conservative reactionary mentality. Sexual repression aids political reaction not only through this process which makes the mass individual passive and unpolitical but also by creating in his structure an interest in actively supporting the authoritarian order."

Also "The man reared under and bound by authority has no knowledge of the natural law of self-regulation, he has no confidence in himself. He is afraid of his sexuality because he never learned to live it naturally. He declines

all responsibility for his acts and decisions and he demands direction and guidance."

It is one thing for the working class to take control, it is another to be self-regulated, make decisions without looking around for a father figure to "direct" and "guide" them!

The sexually repressed human being is servile to those above him/her and authoritarian to those below. e.g. the Queen is servile to God; Bob Menzies was servile to the Queen; the Liberal Party was servile to Bob Menzies; the working class for 23 years was servile to the Liberal Party and wives and children were servile to the working class men.

The foreman in a factory is not only carrying out an economic role, he is carrying out a (compulsive) psychological role. He is servile to his bosses and authoritarian to his so-called "Work mates" and then goes home and belts the wife and kids.

In his book *The Function of the Organism*, Reich attacks the Freudian Bougeois theory of sublimation (That you have to suppress your sexuality to work and create).

The two examples given below show compulsive neurotic work based on sexual repression and self-denial and what Reich calls sex-economic work where sexuality and work are together. e.g. sex energy and work energy derive from the same energy base and any interference in the ability to gratify and enjoy sex resulted in inability to enjoy work.

**Work based on sexual repression.**

The achievement is mechanically forced. Devoid of vitality it serves the purpose of deadening the sexual urge and is in acute conflict with it. Only small amounts of biological energy can be discharged in an interest in work. Work is essentially unpleasurable. Sexual fantasies are intense and interfere with work thus they have to be repressed, thereby creating neurotic mechanisms which in turn decrease the working capacity still further.

The reduced achievement in work charges every sexual impulse with guilt feelings. Self-confidence is reduced, this leads to compensatory neurotic fantasies of grandeur.

**Sex economic work**

Here biological energy oscillates between work and sexual activity. Work and sexual activity are not opposites, that is work does not serve to suppress the sexual urge, nor are there any sexual fantasies to interfere with work. Rather, work and sexuality support each other on the basis of a round self-confidence. The interests are concentrated fully and without conflict, either in work or in sexual activity borne by the feeling of potency and capacity to give one-self."

Reich maintains the most widespread form of *neuroses* is the inability to concentrate. A friend recently said to me when men get drunk they want to do one of two things "fuck or fight" (make love not war).

Love or sex energy that is thwarted becomes aggressive hate energy.

Since workers have been brought up in the authoritarian sexually oppressive nuclear family. (The nuclear bomb is a product of the nuclear family). It has effected their ability to rebel and also to work in self regulated ways.

Marx once described the USA working class as a class of people producing goods to consume that they don't really need. And that if we had a free sexuality tomorrow, production would decrease since many of the goods

being produced are substitutes for sexuality.

What has happened to sex is what Marcuse called *Repressive Sublimation*. The capitalist system no longer able to contain sexuality, has allowed us to de-sublimate our sex-drive but this de-sublimation is a repressive one men and women have been reduced to commodities as Marx predicted, and sexually we have been reduced to sex objects. Sex is now used to sell everything from cars to toothpaste.

We can't love one another without first washing in "Palm-olive soap"; "deodorising with "Mum"; wiping our bodies with "Dickie" towels; putting on the latest "in" gear and driving a certain car ("phallic symbol and power symbol") then and only... Whoops, I nearly forgot the Benson and Hedges cigarettes to create instant orgasm to the lady I offer them to. Then and only then, can you begin to Fuck not make love. Since, according to all advertising, all human qualities have been reduced to physical qualities.

The biggest sale of Benson and Hedges cigarettes occurs on Friday and Saturday nights when the workers take their palmolive showers put on the deodorant, in gear and go out to the club, pub, theatre or restaurant or race-track.

It is just as dangerous to credit the working class with a revolutionary consciousness that does not exist as it is not to give credit when it does exist.

The recent Ford strike was a great step forward for Australian workers for spontaneous action that did not head authoritarian "guidance".

A great amount of workers because of their sexual repression find it difficult if not impossible, to rebel against any kind of authority whether Trade Union or bureaucracy or capitalist bosses.

The Russian Revolution degenerated and accepted an authoritarian sexually repressed God, Joe Stalin, greatly because they were products of thousands of years of sexual repression.

To own the means of production is one thing, to control them in a democratic self-regulated, spontaneous way in which no authoritarian bureaucrats who have substituted power and material things for the sexuality they are incapable of enjoying.

There can be no economic revolution without a sexual revolution, if workers are to own and control the means of production.

The Fucking End.

Peter Eady



Dear Sir,

Whilst it is very nice of Woroni to declare my candidature for the 1974 Students' Association Presidency, I fear I must inform your readers that, as yet, I am far from certain in my own mind as to whether I shall run. Your prediction, therefore, may be right but it is clearly premature.

There is something that upsets me even more. This is the spelling of my Christian name. There are, in my case, two 'els' in Allan. I trust that in future my delicate feelings will not be overturned by this brutal misuse of my name. Your affectionate Comrade Alan Murray-Jones.

**Poet Impeached**

Well known poet around Campus Mark O'Connor this week had his Poet's License suspended by the Australian Literature Board. Stopped by Professor A.D.Hope in the middle of an Ottawa rima Mark was reported to have been doing fourteen syllables to the line in an iambic pentametre zone. Professor Hope claimed that Mark was under the effects of alliteration beyond the legal limit of three per line. Mark confessed that he had been mixing his metaphors but when escorted back to the English Department managed to write a straight anapestic line. All seemed well for Mark until Professor Hope noted that Mark had in fact used half-rhyme in his couplet. So, muttering metonymies, it was back to sonnets for Mark for a minimum period of not less than two books with possible time off for good rhyming.

K.J.Hart.



Dear Sir,

I would like to bring to the attention of your readers an incident which, I feel, is illustrative of some of the problems facing the cooperative Bookshop and Book Retailing Industry in general.

About three weeks ago I went into the University Co-op Bookshop to buy a set of *The Selected Works of Mao Tse Tung* [Foreign Language Press, Peking, 1967, Paperback edition in four volumes]. The marked price was \$6.00 per set. At the time this struck me as being rather high so I made arrangements for this set to be purchased for me from the East Wind Bookshop in Melbourne. The latter shop gave a discount for students and I acquired the set for \$2.50.

I was alarmed by such an enormous discrepancy in prices between our own Co-op Bookshop and the East Wind Bookshop.

However I was even more alarmed when I discovered that the volumes in question were on sale at the Union Shop (less than a hundred yards walk from the University Co-op Bookshop) at a cost of \$3.00 a set.

Feeling that this situation was outrageous - especially since the volumes in question are an important source material for students of both History and Politics - I called into the Bookshop and brought the situation to the attention of the Manageress. She was unaware of the price discrepancy, agreed that it was unacceptable from the students point of view, and promised to take up the matter with head office in Sydney.

Later in the day the Manageress verified my information and also spoke to Mr de Toth at the Union, asking him if he was aware that the books in question were on sale in the Union Shop.

Evidently an agreement exists between the Union, Shop, Bookshop and Chemist Shop that they will not enter into direct competition with each other. The result was that the sale of the books in question in the Union Shop was discontinued. In simple terms this meant that the Co-op Bookshop's monopoly was restored and students wishing to purchase these volumes were still confronted by a \$6.00 price sticker.

Once again I visited the Bookshop and lodged a very strong protest at the continuing \$6.00 price sticker. Yesterday, word was received from head office that the matter was being investigated. However it looks as if the red tape of the industry will preclude the Bookshop from changing its supplier of the books in question. In cold terms this means that the Bookshop (either by choice or by business pressure)

is incapable of supplying customers with the works in question at the fairest possible price. At present the marked price is over 100% higher than the Melbourne marked price.

I would offer the following advice to students wishing to buy the books in question (which have been removed from sale in the Co-op Bookshop since red tape prevents both competition and a cut in price).

a) Leave an order at the Union Shop and wait a few days for delivery.

b) Make arrangements to buy them from the East Wind Bookshop in Sydney or Melbourne. Surely it is time to put an end to this grossly unfair manipulation of the price of textbooks. I urge all students to support moves to end such manipulation.

Simon Barraclough.

**Reply to Seagrim**

Dear Sir,

Neil Seagrim wrote in the last issue of *Woroni* of statements attributed to Mr. Refshauge and myself. I agree wholeheartedly with his attitude to the substance of the quotes; however, I said precisely what Neil Seagrim said in attacking the semester calendar and expressing dissatisfaction with the calendar. God knows how the ANU Reporter got the impression that I:

"stressed the need for greater use of continuous assessment of students through the semester-of assessment on the basis of assignments and possibly of quickly marked multiple choice or true/false examination papers." It is my feeling that since learning is a two way process and assessment is fundamentally a one way process, assessment must be limited to an absolute minimum. Also, if there is assessment, and since assessment by its nature is a contradiction to learning, the type must be such as to minimise the amount of destruction of learning. This means among other things:

1. Student choice of the means of assessment.
2. Flexibility in length, time and deadline, which means time is required.
3. The assessment must not be simply student performance of teacher-set goals and values (of which multiple choice exams are the proto-type).

Hence, what I said was that the semester calendar was destructive to learning because it encouraged teaching and assessment based on more assignments and more teacher-determined assignments (e.g. multiple choice exams) and that the compromise calendar, although better, did nothing by itself to meet the real objection which was the growth of the contradiction between learning and teaching and assessment which has accompanied the growth of semester teaching.

Hence, we argued NOT for the adoption of the compromise calendar but for the rejection of the semester calendar and a tackling of the problems of work-load and assessment.

I felt the Board was taking the easy way out - making the "moronic decision" Neil was talking about - by accepting a compromise calendar and ignoring the reasons for our rejection of the proposed semester calendar. This was not, and I emphasised this ad nauseam, because we wanted the compromises or any other calendar. I certainly did not

"sit back and allow the education that we receive to be degraded" but instead put an awful lot of time and effort (obviously unsuccessful from the Reporter article) into preventing this from happening. I am continuing to try to get the University to recognise the real issues which are those Neil points to.

Yours in struggle against the degree factory,

Julius Roe.

Billets required for 10 students on nights of 20 and 21 August, 1973. Students from New Guinea School of Architecture at Lae. Contact Diana Riddell, Students' Association Office 2444





**AUS President refused admittance to South Africa**

Australian Union of Students (AUS) President Neil McLean was last week refused admittance to South Africa. He arrived at Johannesburg airport for a 5 day visit, in contact with the South African Union of Students but was not allowed to leave the airport.

Obviously McLean was not allowed into the country because of AUS's consistent opposition to the South African regime.

Yet the policy AUS presses in regard to South Africa and the other Southern African colonial states is the same as the privately expressed opinion of many members of the Labor government, including Dr Cairns, the Minister for Trade and Secondary Industry, Senator Wheeldon, the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs committee.

AUS and these other Labor members believe that the African liberation forces are fighting a just war and that their victory is the only means of bringing about a suitable African peace.

In not allowing McLean to enter the country, the white South Africans are recognising that agitation by student groups is not just an embarrassment but a real danger to the stability of their rule. They are being forced more and more into separating their friends from their enemies and taking steps to attract friends and ensure enemies are discouraged.

Australian travel to, and trade with South Africa is jumping ahead in great leaps. Travel jumped 25% last year according to the Manager of the South African tourist corporation.

Last year a total of 17,758 Australians were admitted into South Africa as tourists. Australia ranks fourth behind the UK (89,076), USA (39,384) and Germany (25,818) amongst the overseas nations providing tourists for South Africa. Total travel to South Africa last year rose by 10% to 508,076. The biggest number still however come from Rhodesia, the sister state to the north, which provided 150,142 visitors in 1972.

Private applications to visit South Africa have been made in Canberra by a number of students and ex-students. Some of them reported that they were carefully vetted by the embassy officials. One in particular, was first handed a pamphlet telling how easy it is to obtain work in South Africa, and how wonderful facilities are. On his second visit however, he was told to ignore the first brochure, and instead read a second one, which outlined the difficulties in obtaining work, and the difficulties involved in travel through South Africa.

South Africa desperately needs tourism to sustain itself. Tourists provide substantial revenue and also often serve a function in acting as advocates for the South African Government in the rest of the world.

To successfully defeat the white racist government in South Africa and destroy the system of apartheid, the Australian Government must be pressed to officially recognise, and act against the trade and tourist links with this nation.

The action against McLean provides yet another plank in the argument towards this end.

**FBI aids terrorists**

New York: The FBI and an undercover employee of Nixon's campaign organisation have been linked with a Rightwing paramilitary organisation in California. At least one FBI agent participated in shootings, fire-bombings and burglaries carried out by the terrorist group.

The organisation, known as the Secret Army Organisation, was founded in 1971. Steven V. Roberts reported in the June 24, 1973, New York Times that an FBI informer, Howard Godfrey, "was one of the six founding members and contributed the money used to print the group's recruiting literature."

Godfrey has admitted in court that he was with SAO terrorists in January 1972 when they fired into a house occupied by young persons planning demonstrations at the Republican convention. A woman was wounded in the attack.

Roberts reported that two members of the SAO had identified a photograph of Donald Segretti as one of two men who attended a discussion on protecting the Republican convention. Segretti was an undercover agent hired by the Committee to Re-elect the President to disrupt the Democratic Party campaigns. He has been indicted in Florida for violation of electoral laws.



**Psychosurgeons out to discredit anti-lobotomy doctor**

New York (LNS) — Dr Peter Breggin is a Washington psychiatrist who has spent the last few years trying to expose the use of psychosurgery as a means of social control. So it's not surprising that he is quite an unpopular figure with the psychosurgeons themselves.

"There is a national campaign aimed at denying our most severely ill patients the enormous benefits derived from the new refinements of advance psychosurgery", said Dr Leo Alexander at a recent international conference of the Society of Biological Psychiatry. Alexander is an "electroshock" doctor from Boston who refers patients whom electroshock hasn't "helped" to psychosurgery. "This campaign is spark-plugged by a paranoid notoriety seeker, who spends a great deal of his time as a financially-endowed propagandist...."

"This unholly and unhealthy alliance between a pseudo-scientist (and) some of the well meaning but ill-informed public has succeeded in arousing sufficient confusion to have intervened with two important clinical scientific projects proposed by two prestigious groups of seasoned investigators in a first class academic setting."

Massachusetts recently limited the number of electro-impulsive shocks that one patient can receive in a year. "This interference with the rights of a physician is Nazi-like", said Alexander. "Should we submit to the capriciousness of temporary-temporal political laws, or stick to our immutable laws of medical ethics? It is my firm belief that the latter outrank the former as divine law outranks governmental laws..."

Out on the west coast psychosurgeon Dr Hunter Brown, who says he has performed 300 psychosurgical operations told Breggin, with melodramatic concern, that he'd better be careful.

"I am in close correspondence with some prisoners at San Quentin, 60 of whom wish to have psychiatric surgery" said Brown to Breggin, as quoted in a Jack Anderson column. "The word has gotten around that the first man who is paroled—and this is a real risk, Peter, seriously—the word is to 'get Breggin'".

**Bombers Hit Blacks in South London**

Viv Broughton writes: At about 5am a week last Thursday, a petrol bomb was hurled through the plate glass window of the Unity Centre in Raiton Road, Brixton. The fire quickly gutted the three storey building causing over seven thousand pounds of damage, and destroying completely the months of hard work put in by the Black Panther Movement. The bombing was the latest of at least 11 such attacks on premises owned by black people in South London. The first attack was in February at the Coach and Horses Pub, also in Brixton, destroying a popular meeting place for black and white community groups. Other bombings in Brixton — at a foodstore and a barbers both owned by black people — caused only slight damage, but in Tooting and Streatham there have been a further seven attacks, three causing serious damage.

There is a great deal of speculation in this community about those responsible, but at present no-one is naming names and the police merely wish to have a blue and white scooter seen in the area at the time of the incidents. Certainly the attacks are the work of some extremely determined gang of violent racists who seem to have set out to terrorise the black community of South London. The Panthers have accused two Tory GLC candidates — Pritchard and Bennet — of stirring up fascist elements by demanding an enquiry into a one hundred and fifty pound grant to the Unity Centre, by the Lambeth Council for Community Relations. In appealing for funds to rebuild the Unity Centre, the Panthers declare, "Fire can destroy the materials but not the community spirit that built it".

Meanwhile the people here live anxiously. The police, never a source of great comfort at the best of times, half-heartedly seek out fellow racists who have foolishly overstepped the mark. And we begin to look at alternative ways to police and defend this community.



**British SST Burst Bongos**

The British-French Concorde, Europe's version of the Supersonic Transport plane, underwent an 800-mile test-flight recently that didn't work out very well.

After the supersonic flight along the west coast of Britain, the Air Ministry was deluged with complaints and damage suits arising from the plane's sonic boom. The Ministry ended up paying out money damages in more than 340 separate cases.

The damages paid ranged from \$50,000 to a farmer whose minks had been killed by the boom, to 68c to a Scotsman for a loosened ceiling tile. The Ministry, however, rejected claims from a man who said the boom split his bongo drums.

**Men against sexism**

London: The first conference in Britain of men against sexism — male supporters of the Women's Liberation Movement — on June 10 decided to set up a loose federation of local groups.

The sharply self-critical assembly discussed sexual roles in the family, masculine culture and how to open the way to social revolution.

"We say 'great' to women's liberation," commented Marshall Harris, "but how many of us say that and still see women as sex objects?"

While the men had different attitudes to the family, most seemed to agree with the man who said: "Whether capitalism needs the nuclear family or not — it has it and it uses it."

Members of the Communist Party and other Left wing organisations took part in the conference, which was accompanied by a man-run canteen in another room. —from "Morning Star", (London).



**Colonel Sanders invades China**

It was bound to happen sooner or later: Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken is invading China.

Stuart Watson, the President of the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation, says that final negotiations are underway between Colonel Sanders and the People's Republic of China. The chicken will be brought from China, fried and dished up at a Colonel Sanders' outlet being opened in Hong Kong.

If all goes well for the Colonel famed Peking Duck may one day take a back seat to "finger lickin' good" chicken, even in Peking.

**Denial on North Vietnamese Infiltration Report**

Indonesia had not joined in a Canadian report that regular North Vietnamese troops had infiltrated into South Vietnam since the peace accord on Vietnam was signed in Paris in January.

The head of the Public Relations Service of the Department of Foreign Affairs, Mr Nana Sutresna, said this on May 12.

He denied reports that Indonesia had identified itself with a statement made by the Canadian Delegation to the International Commission for Control and Supervision of the Vietnam Cease-fire.

Mr Sutresna told newsmen that Indonesia's view on the matter was firmly founded on the Paris peace agreement. No provision in that agreement authorised the ICCS to report about the matter mentioned. The Indonesian Contingent had not been instructed, either in the regions, headquarters or sub-regions, to take part in the efforts carried out by the Canadian Delegation to the international supervisory body. Indonesian Embassy Newsletter, Canberra.

**Residents on squatting charges**

Three members of the Victoria St. (Kings Cross) Residents Action Group will appear in Court this week to face charges under the Summary Offences Act, for allegedly squatting in houses in the street.

Squatters from the RAG have so far occupied numbers 115, 113, 105, the rear of 109, 97, 57, and 59 Victoria St. in an attempt to halt the planned destruction of the houses in the street and a multi-rise luxury unit construction.

Those summoned to appear before the court this week are John Cox, Craig Young and Robin Clinch. The court cases are expected to take several months.

Meanwhile, the Ultimo-Pyrmont RAG won a major victory when it forced the Department of Main Roads to halt the eviction of the Kostas family from a house in Fig St., Ultimo, in Sydney. Their home was due for demolition for the extension of the Western Expressway.

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# The Can People - BHP can fraud detailed

## The BHP Can Fraud

by John Madden — compiled from information supplied by Gabriel Lafitte.

The fat and scruffy form of Gabriel Lafitte, boring ex-public relations consultant, arrived on campus last month. Before leaving, he deposited piles of documents and papers about BHP's abysmal can recycling effort, information which has so far received little attention from the straight press. This article is labouredly plagiarised from his information and from articles and interviews in other student papers. It shows the deliberate calculated deceit of the dirtiest company in Australia.



Mr. J. C. McNeill, Managing Director of BHP.

Once upon a time, Australia's largest company, Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd., by name, noticed that people were buying more aluminium cans than steel ones. BHP makes steel for steel cans and saw its massive profits were in danger of being eroded away.

"Quite apart from the possibility of legislative action and the direct effect which any such action would have on the market as one advert put it to be reinvested. Other cans were stripped of their tin coating before going into the furnace while still others were baled up and exported for recycling overseas. The picture painted by the Steel Can People promotional scheme was false in every detail. The falsifications were wilful, deliberate and pre-conceived. BHP has spent half a million dollars in two years on this sophisticated campaign designed to persuade Australians that BHP is concerned about natural resources, the environment and conservation. Their commitment is highlighted by a quote from BHP's Environmental Affairs Budget Conference report of August 22nd 1972.

"The meeting agreed that should any marketing or environmental activist situations occur whereby any additional promotional funds are required, the Executive committee should immediately put forward a proposal to the principal management group. This group indicated they would act quickly to ensure adequate funds are available to cover any such situation".

[Memo written by Mr Brook, General Manager Marketing BHP, 11 Dec, 1970]

Comalco, who make aluminium cans, and BHP have a very secret agreement not to compete in the prices they charge for cans. This restrictive trade practice destroys any semblance of free enterprise and ensures nice profits for both companies. But Comalco got a bit greedy, so following the lead of its American parent, it set up a well publicised recycling scheme and increased the "customer appeal" for aluminium. That is, more people bought stuff in aluminium rather than steel cans to do their bit to keep their environment that little bit cleaner. This in turn persuaded packagers, like Coca-Cola to order more aluminium and less steel cans.

Therefore the Steel Can Group (BHP, and the can makers, J. Gadsen Aust. Ltd and Containers Ltd) with help from BHP's advertising agency and a P.R. firm with the ridiculous name of Image Australia, set up a public relations front and called it the Steel Can People. This was in August 1971.

Glossy pamphlets were mailed by the thousands to all the influential people they could think of. They contained a series of claims about the purpose of the recycling scheme:

"Our long term aim is the complete recycling of all steel cans .... The Steel Can People accept a responsibility to facilitate recycling.....we are creating an opportunity for all cans (original emphasis) to be collected and recycled.....We know that we are making a serious commitment and we intend to see it through."

With such sincere and noble objectives and the backing of the largest Australian company the scheme was sure to succeed. And it did.

Recycling centres, 63 of them, popped up all over the country. The Steel Can People promised to increase the number of recycling centres, to pay charities for the cans they collected, to pour BHP's vast technical research facilities into improving the technology of recycling. Some cans, they said, were collected



from recycling centres to be fed into the steel-work's furnaces to make "bright new metal" or as one advert put it to be reinvested. Other cans were stripped of their tin coating before going into the furnace while still others were baled up and exported for recycling overseas.

The picture painted by the Steel Can People promotional scheme was false in every detail. The falsifications were wilful, deliberate and pre-conceived. BHP has spent half a million dollars in two years on this sophisticated campaign designed to persuade Australians that BHP is concerned about natural resources, the environment and conservation. Their commitment is highlighted by a quote from BHP's Environmental Affairs Budget Conference report of August 22nd 1972.

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## The Reality

What the Steel Can People failed to mention was that cans are an environmental disaster from beginning to end. The mining and transport of the raw materials to the blast furnaces uses vast quantities of energy which cannot be replaced. Turning the raw materials into cans wastes more energy as well as heavily polluting the air, land and water around us. A principal research officer of BHP, Mr N.Wiltshire, made a study of the energy consumed in manufacturing tinplate from its raw materials. His conclusion was that each metric ton of tinplate required 38.28 gigajoules of energy, which is equal to 9,400 million calories. If we (conservatively) assume that the energy used to mine and transport the iron ore, manganese, coal, tin and limestone to Port Kembla, and that used to turn tinplate into cans is about the same as the energy required to manufacture the tinplate, we arrive at a figure of 20 billion calories to make one metric ton of cans. 300,000 tons of steel cans were produced in Australia last year which required 6,000,000,

000,000,000 calories. This amount of energy is the same as the food needs for a quarter of the population of Australia for 1972! But not 6 million people as claimed by Lafitte.

Producing the cans releases sulphur dioxide and other sulphur compounds, carbon monoxide, cyanide compounds, fluorides, benzene derivatives, phenols, ammonium chloride and iron ore dust into the air. The water as well as the air comes out hotter and dirtier than when it went into the plant, containing oils, solvents, tars, concentrated acids, brine, degreasing chemicals, lime and a whole host of toxic chemicals from the coke plant, gas line frip legs (I don't know what they are either) and metal treatment plants. [See the Industrial Pollution Control Handbook, ed. Herbert F. Lund].

Wiltshire also calculated that it costs 9.15 gigajoules of energy to recycle one tonne of steel scrap. But this does not take into account the aluminium tin, lead, laquer and printing which are also present in "steel" cans. BHP's answer is to burn them off to make pure steel, adding to the noxious materials we have to breathe. This challenges the whole concept of recycling, increasing its environmental impact, and reducing its worth as a conservation measure. The obvious alternative is simply for everyone to use fewer cans.

BHP have restricted their recycling programme to less than 0.3% of the cans they produce. From the 4000 million steel cans made last year only 9.5 million have been collected, and it is unknown just how many of these have actually been recycled. The fact that those collected cans were being dumped and not recycled was frequently discussed by the Steel Can People — the marketing managers for BHP, Containers Ltd and Gadsens, Mrs Handfield director of Image Australia, and Gabrielle Lafitte. Melodramas in BHP's boardroom concerning this centred not so much on solving the problem but rather how the dumping of cans might be disguised to avoid prejudicing the schemes credibility. This was amply demonstrated by records of meetings spaced over several months.

Mrs Esta Handfield, director of Image Australia, April 24, 1972

"Our credibility can be undermined if a journalist finds out that the cans aren't going back to the steel works. Sims (i.e. Sims metal, the scrap people) are storing all the cans they are getting from our centres in Brisbane, Adelaide, Tasmania and Perth. Mrs Handfield again, July 6, 1972

"No cans are coming from Townsville to Sims in Brisbane, although we know that people are putting cans into the recycling bins up there.

Mr W.T.Duggan (Marketing, Gadsens)

Mr W.J.Todd (Marketing, Containers) Sept 11, 1972.

"Some of the cans Sims are dumping are spoils from our plants, but you wouldn't have to be very bright to say 'if you are recycling cans that have been used, why are you dumping fresh ones that have never been used?' Recycled cans are peanuts compared to spoils."

And so on.

This points to the true motive for the scheme, one based not on concern for the fate of the environment but fear of legislation restricting the non-returnable packaging industry. The memo from Mr Brook the General Manager Marketing, BHP, quoted earlier also has this to say.

"In the past four years (ie 1966-70) attempts have been made in all Australian states except SA either to ban or to tax non-returnables. One such move in the NT has just been prevented. In USA there is a longer history of such action and constant lobbying and counter-lobbying is going on. ...The common motivation in all such moves is the desire of local government authorities to reduce problems arising from the collection and disposal of waste"

BHP's intention is to shift the responsibility for can pollution onto the public sector and their local governments, to preempt any attempt at restrictive legislation. Once this is achieved it intends to close down the whole Steel Can People operation.

The other major motive for the can recycling programme is the fear of losing customers to Comalco. At a SCP meeting on August 9th "We'd better do something. You see there's a bloody uni up there"



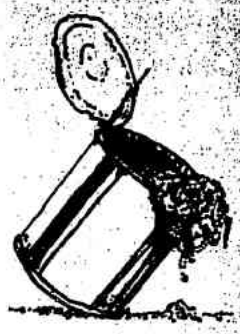
1972 Mr Wright (BHP) said

"Comalco is concerned and wants a united approach, so the packaging industry can't be divided. They are concerned about ACI. They want ACI (ie Pilkington-ACI the monopoly glass manufacturers) to slow down their recycling arrangements. Comalco said they wouldn't go any further than they absolutely had to .... we all want to take the heat off the packaging industry as much as possible and pass it onto the anti-litter people. Comalco wants to work with us. They feel to get their market share they had to take the environmental route, but they don't want to expand it. They don't want us to step up our recycling program to the point where we embarrass them."

Duggan (of Gadsens's the Canmakers): "We don't want a dogfight — the overall objective is to protect the industry as a whole, and to counter the environmentalists."

BHP hid happily behind the technical problems of recycling as an excuse for doing so little, although the PR machine was working flat out. The Steel Can People is not run by scientists or engineers nor those who control the factories and production lines nor the company administrators. Instead the whole thing was conceived and run by marketing, advertising and public relations people whose sole concern is to increase sales, with no regard for the effects this would cause.

This may explain BHP's meagre recycling effort, about 300,000 tons or 4% out of the 7.5 million tons produced in 1971 — the least of all the world's steel producers. The SCP claim that "well over 25% of the raw materials fed into our furnaces is scrap" is true but its



deliberately misleading. This figure is made up almost entirely of the steel which has gone wrong in manufacture and is fed back to the furnaces to be remade. This only indicates BHP's gross inefficiency and is not evidence of any concern whatsoever for recycling.

Most of the money spent by the Steel Can People has not been for recycling cans or establishing recycling centres or buying processing equipment. Of the \$200,850 SCP "Environmental Affairs Budget" for 1972-73, \$129,850 was for PR consultants fees, advertising agency commissions, misleading publications and ads, publicity stunts, tours of "recycling in action" where a few cans were shoved into a furnace to impress important officials and customers, and for infiltrating and subverting environmental activist organisations. \$50,000 was set aside for "Technical" expenditure, and \$18,000 for recycling centres and freight charges.



## Conclusion or Maybe the Finale

Four months after Lafitte exposed the fraud, the managing director of BHP, J.C.McNeill deemed to reply to Monash Students Association who had sent a number of letters calling on him to justify his company's position.

After a veiled threat ("an allegation of fraudulent practice against my company is regarded very seriously indeed, and I hope that the implications of such allegations are understood by those who have made them"), McNeill stated:

"Mr Lafitte seeks to support his statement with 'evidence' derived from various memoranda and discussions which have amongst other things acknowledged commercial interests which have been involved. We do not deny that there are commercial aspects involved but we do deny that these are being set against bona fide environmental issues"

This is an indirect admission that Lafitte's ripped off documents are genuine. The rest of the letter is practically a restatement of the Steel Can People's PR.

But there are signs that enlightenment is creeping into the top of BHP. McNeill says that one of the basic objections to recycling of cans and many other materials "that it is wasteful of energy resources and that these resources are more important than the conservation of the relevant raw materials". He probably hasn't said a truer word in his life. But then we must question his motive in making such a statement. Cans and packaging in general are a part of the environmental crisis which threatens to rob the world of its natural resources and pollute us and all other living things out of existence.

Does Australia really need 4,500 million cans this year, for pet food, aerosol spray cans for hair laquer, deodorants and airfresheners, canned tennis balls, canned beer and soft drinks? There are alternative containers for all these cans should be used for their only legitimate function — to package foodstuffs like fruit and vegetables. The alternatives available are to immediately cut back production of cans, especially the useless and harmful food cans, or to allow BHP to continue to expand its production, pollution and profit. Obviously BHP would never attempt the first alternative unless pressured into it by public concern and subsequent political action, so that banning or taxing of non-returnable containers became a reality.

The entire Steel Can fraud is a damning indictment of BHP's motives and tactics to cajole the consumer into buying their product. Unless they prove otherwise, which seems very unlikely, we will have to accept Lafitte's evidence of deliberate pre-conceived fraud by the dirtiest company in Australia.

The photos on this page come from a B.H.P. public relations bulletin. The bulletin also contains B.H.P.'s reply to Lafitte's accusations. Anyone interested in reading the reply should enquire at the WORONI office.

## FUCKIN' FRITZ THE CAT

FRITZ THE CAT  
Now showing at the Centre Cinema  
Reviewed by Trevor Lewis.



Here it is! Good clean fun family entertainment makes a fighting comeback in the form of the animated adventures of this irrepressibly lovable bundle of flesh and fur who goes out naive and idealistic, into a cruel and cynical world. Its heart-rending experience upon which none should miss out: take your sister, your grandmother, your pet budgerigar and make it a truly joyous family occasion. If you go to a matinee and flash out your student card you'll get in for a mere \$1; better still, try sneaking in for nothing at half-time (the supporting feature is hardly worth seeing).

Seriously, Fritz may not be a Dr. Zhivago or a Cabaret, but it is nonetheless a strikingly original film. The animated cartoon and the comic strip likewise have traditionally reflected the values of establishment culture. Their characters were castrated and exist in an artificially contrived world into which the realities of the sordid world were not allowed to intrude. Mickey & Minnie never made it together, and Donald Duck had his head blown off and fell from city building top stories many a time, without sustaining bloody injuries of any sort. The cartoon's simplicity and accessibility, however, gives it unique potential for the propagation of subversive-critical ideas, which has recently been extensively developed by underground Zap artists. Fritz himself is a creation of R. Crum, one of the fore-

most exponents of this genre. Fritz's journey through the life and times of contemporary America takes him to head communes, black ghettos, and finally to the deserts where he is enlisted by Hells Angels in a desperate mission to destroy civilisation. His story is both very sad and very funny, for his behaviour faithfully reflects the confused ideals of his real-life human counterparts. Women are invariably seen in terms of their potential fuckability, blacks are folk who've received a shitty deal from society — but Fritz can still stride into a Harlem bar and command "boy! gimme a drink!" All of society's stereotypes are faithfully captured and recreated in furred or feathered form. Blacks are all represented by Black crows; the cops are pigs — gross, ugly and slow-witted. The artistry of the animation deserves attention: the action is portrayed in an insanely exaggerated fashion which serves to highlight the films satirical examination of social relationships. The erotic bits are cute rather than horny, Fritz's sexual behaviour being more that of a virile young tomcat than of any human male. The violent bits are graphically portrayed with a bloody realism which is all the more arresting in the unfamiliar context of an animated film.

The scene in which Fritz lands in the midst of a race riot is as hard-hitting as any television documentary.

Don't be misled by the commercial sensationalism surrounding this film. Go and be educated by Fritz today.

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# MICKS AND PRODS

British undercover squad tied to "sectarian murders": "They assassinate a few paddies to keep the kettle boiling"

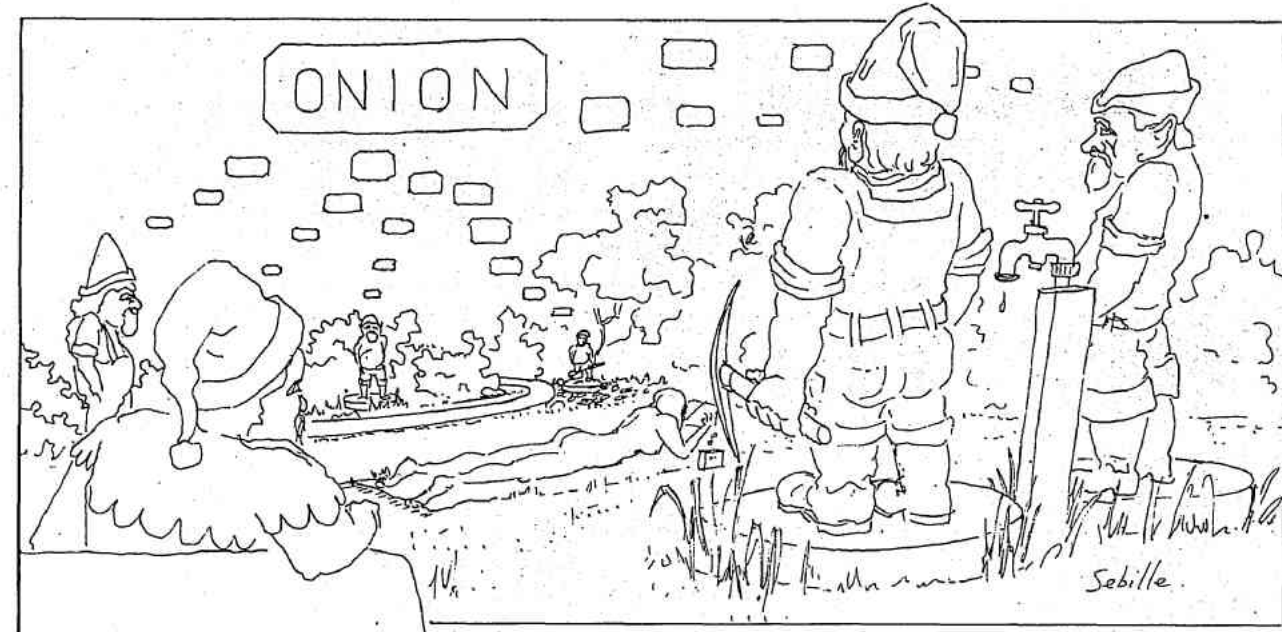
LIBERATION News Service, BELFAST — For the past year, members of the Republican movement here have been claiming that the British army has had a special plainclothes assassination unit operating in the province. This unit, they've claimed, is made up largely of members of the Special Air Service (SAS), the elite British counter-insurgency strike force which won its reputation fighting communist insurgency in Malaya in the late nineteen fifties. The SAS later played a major role in the training of the first US Special Forces advisors to go into Vietnam.

Until this month, the British Army refused to discuss the activities of its plainclothes unit. But in the wake of publicity following the shooting of a Provisional IRA double agent, the army has admitted that it operates a "Military Reconnaissance Force" (MRF) made up of volunteers from various regular units. The MRF men are always armed, wear plainclothes and patrol Belfast in civilian cars and bogus commercial vehicles.

One of the most infamous of these commercial vehicles was the "Four Square Laundry" truck, which travelled through the Twinfield area of the city last summer, offering cut-rate dry-cleaning and laundry service.

Before the clothes were cleaned they were tested for traces of lead and explosives. This led to the shooting and detention of a number of IRA men. In October of this year the "Four Square Laundry" truck was ambushed by the Provisional IRA and the driver, an MRF soldier, was killed.

On the afternoon of June 22, 1972, three Catholic taxi-drivers were standing by their vehicles on Shaw's road, in the Andersontown section of Belfast. A civilian car drove by and several bursts of machine gun fire were directed at



the men. All three fell wounded. A man lying ill in bed in a nearby house was also hit.

The army claimed that no members of the security forces were involved in the incident and it was assumed to be just another instance of sectarian shooting. Later the army changed its story and reported that a plainclothes mobile patrol had "returned fire" after a group of armed men had shot at them.

Eight months later, Capt. James McGregor — until recently the commander of the MRF — was charged with illegal possession of a Thompson sub-machine gun, a favorite IRA weapon. The charges against him were dropped when the court was informed that McGregor had possession of the weapon in "authorized circumstances".

Sgt. Clive Williams, also of the MRF, was charged with attempted murder and illegal possession of a Thompson sub-machine gun. The sergeant is now out on bail, awaiting trial, and apparently still stationed with the MRF, at Theipval barracks, Lisburn.

In another incident in Andersontown, a 44-year-old Catholic, a father of six, was killed, and four others wounded by machine gun fire from a passing car. The papers condemned this "senseless Chicago-style shooting" and army headquarters in Lisburn emphasized that the military was not involved in any way, logging the incident as a sectarian murder.

However, rumors started to spread in the community that the car had escaped through a military check point between Catholic Andersontown and the Protestant area of Finghy. Next the police told the wounded survivors that they had been shot by plainclothes army men. Finally at the death inquest, the army admitted that a plainclothes mobile patrol had "returned fire" after being fired upon by an armed group of men.

This pattern has repeated itself several times, and not only in the Catholic community.

On the afternoon of May 26, 1972, four Protestant men were driving near the Shankill road, when another car cut them off. A man in civilian clothes got out, fired a Browning automatic pistol at them, missed, got back in the car, and drove off with his two companions. Local people stopped the car and beat the three. They found military ID on one of them and an army pocket radio and three nylon masks in the car. Again the army statement claimed these men were defending themselves from armed terrorists.

But many people have grown skeptical of this "defense".

Ten days ago, on May 11th, a Catholic social worker and father of four was shot dead on Raglin Street in the Lower Falls area of Belfast. The next day a man called the local papers claiming to be "a member of an extremist loyalist group responsible for most of last summer's assassinations". He claimed the Raglin Street shooting was in retaliation for the death of a UDR (Ulster Defense Regiment) soldier and threatened to "kill a Roman Catholic for every member of the security forces murdered by the IRA".

A year ago the people on the Falls would have believed his story, but now many believe that he is in fact a British soldier, a military assassin. A member of the Official IRA explained it this way:

"The British claim that if they leave there will be a blood-bath, a sectarian civil war. But in fact a sectarian civil war is the only thing that can keep them here. So long as the Irish working class is divided by sectarian fears, British imperialism can and will continue to rule. It's with the ending of this division that they see their final defeat. So they assassinate a few Paddies to keep the kettle boiling. Why not? The British never were renowned for the value they placed on Irish lives."

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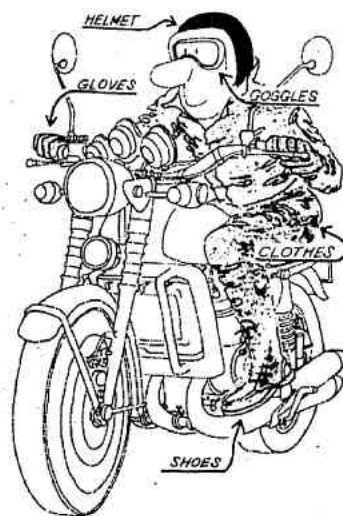
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## CHINUA ACHEBE

The role of a novelist in an underdeveloped African State.

A conversation with Nigerian novelist Chinua Achebe.

Achebe has written four novels that have been translated into English, "Things Fall Apart", "No Longer at Ease", "Arrow of God", and "Chike and the River". He is presently touring Australia at the invitation of the Australian Government.

"Writers in an underdeveloped African state, because of their different situations necessarily write about different material. One of the essential differences is in the nature of the artists role. In the west, the artist is regarded as being a little out of things, a little irresponsible, a little un-trustworthy. In my culture an artist is a leader. This colours the artist's sense of responsibility. It tends to make him take things a little more seriously to handle issues of a more public nature. It must lead to greater involvement as you are an essential member of a community.

In our country there is a basic optimism. We just have to do something — unlike the West. It seems no longer fashionable to be concerned with controversial social matters. There are people like Satre, with a great underlying pessimism. I sometimes wonder why Satre writes. These aspects reflect the civilizations themselves.

### Political involvement

"There are two ways a writer can become politically involved. One is through his writing, to try and draw attention to important issues, or to try to bring about necessary change according to his own vision. The other way is to physically intervene in politics. One writer took over a radio station. This was his expression of political involvement. Opinions about actions are very much divided. I certainly don't call on anyone to be a martyr.

### Censorship?

Nigeria has no censorship laws — the only censorship is that which is self-imposed. This self-imposed censorship comes about when writers or journalists may hear of official reaction to their writings. That is largely through fear. This form of censorship is probably just as effective as formal censorship.

It is of course easier for a novelist to be independent than it is for a journalist. Newspapers come out once a day, and are more widely read than novels. The novelist has a better chance of avoiding official trouble than a journalist."

Nigeria is a newly literate country. We have a growing educational elite. The elite derives from educational not economic circumstances.

There is the same kind of ferment in the other arts. Literature has a head start but there is a lot happening in other areas. Painting and sculpture are important. Somethings are happening in Theatre — but literature seems to have captured the imagination of the young.

## SEND ME TO BED

A Little Bit of One O'Clock Nonsense  
J.R.Slocombe

Mon papier,

We shall begin with you. With these — let me count them — forty-four keys our aim is a literary loop with which to lasso the tangled threads of our twelve o'clock midnight; mon papier, we begin. The threads itch in me.

The first was to see me earnestly typing \$2500; my next, a poem; after, a play for radio or such; a letter for the Droog, another short story, a hasty retreat. Even now bedroom stirrings above threaten, but I will continue the chunk chunk if only to see what we may achieve. Perhaps bits. We have not yet gathered the rhythm — beds squeak, dog scratches, perhaps Atlas the typewriter god frowns — all merry mayhem.

How does fantasia begin? If it be with scattered notes and creeping ultimatum, all proceeds and is most satisfactory; if not, I should chase the minute-hand to bed. Pixie followers dance just out of sight behind my hair, their silly of giggle-voices and curious fancies urging the fingers on and on. I have looked under sofas and behind the cuckoo clock for my inspiration but there is none, save the quiverose of a tiny mouse bursting balloons into old remembrances. To what extent are these illusionary? ah, but that is becoming too esoteric. The holidays have busted like an abused alarm-clock where we wind it up to have it tell us lies again. Isn't this approaching everyday habits? I fear, I fear yes. The enviable art of conception gives us many shells and it is ours to break out of them successively to achieve our godliness — put a cockroach in the smallest chinese box, and you will see.

The slopes and dips to mediocrity on my clutter machine and I would a cigarette pull me from the billabong to rejoin the moving stream of thought. Oh toes and creaks of people awake this early early one o'clock, please leave me be. A smoke, and let the hot tar slouch deeper into my tubing.

Then.

The sun is a carrot before my eyes, denying easy access into Narnia and pulling rabbits from my childhood phobias. Only in the early morning and quite alone can I explore the horizon without there be another one beyond that.

Am I tickling you, mon papier? It is because I am unused to typing early morning thoughts.

Whatever happened to our great plans, me Droog? There is much incomplete and we choose puddles for our Olympic Challenge preparation. This thread is exclusively yours, which again directs the furious leap of typing keys. Above me, between two wise and proud cranes sit two figures locked in their porcelain. One tends a shrub with her surgeon scissors; the other sits with a cleve pot he had made or fashioned. They are both looking at something — the silly things — and some made chinky craftsman has thrown the curtain of time and stone over them. I

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want to know why they didn't wrestle free while the blood still slooshied round in them — they are now quite hollow — and even her shrub has ceased to develop. Why, my Droog? Pretty things they are, pretty senseless if you ask me. "But, I, didn't,so,what,etcetera..."

Take time to be a grandfather. Old Omar K. knew all about reincarnation but sagely shoved us back into the morning of this world. Tumble backwards, fall into a pond and when you're dry start doing it in your mind, tumbling Narnian ways into the jungle of your soul. Look out for tygers. Seek to follow Alice through the looking-glass — you were once able, you know.

I know a lacto-genero-vegetarian the thought of whom sends me away for milk. I shall return on a later page.

We have a meniscus and a new page. There is a mousetrap somewhere close behind me and I type simply to save the poor mouse a broken back. Beware of gluttony lest it consume you.

My father tells my mother that she is a soapy driver; mother retorts "you knock my driving because twenty years ago I got my license and you couldn't, and you haven't forgotten it either, so you're always getting at me." It doesn't work. Therefore my father is a sadist. He gives an army aviation laugh and takes his Dunhill cigarette the longest way up, the shortest way down. Droog calls him Colonel; "What does he think I am, "mutters the father, "some sort of nut?" But the early early morning with its cold-toe inspiring nature seems already to degenerate: weightier matters, then. Besides, the father is in bed now dreaming

nightmares of frogs and licenses and type-writers.

I believe that with my education I must suffer. What, for instance, would I have done had the Typewriter borne a small notice saying *Noli me tangere?* I would have been lost!

The world started with a song. Some of us can hear it still, its lingering melody; the ferrier taking us across into sleep each night sings it. He has picked up the tune from the other shore. What do we do? Ye Gods! fall asleep halfway across! Next time you go to sleep, stay awake so that you may remember the experience. Remember also to pay the ferrier — you have by now a large account to settle with him. Mozart and the others paid regularly.

I'm surprised the Joblillies have not yet appeared. They have.

Please don't use the world. Never shirk experience which is like creeping out from under the blanket every now and then; don't let your environment smother you. There are many passages here, which children follow and we ignore. Follow the children because man grows backwards around his life into Heaven.

Mon papier, mon papier the figures above me creep back into ornaments. The pixie followers are dying away; I must retire to my dogbasket. Lend me some money for the ferrier, I have been lax in paying him of late. Pour me some more milk to send me away. Settle as chalk dust into fond memory of early morning. I beg, make a habit of breaking habits and worship life and death with equal fervour. Now, send me to bed.



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ON PRESENTATION OF STUDENT CARDS

# Canberra Poetry

reviewed by ad.hope

CANBERRA POETRY  
Winter '73 Edition,  
ANU Poetry Society

This anthology of the ANU Poetry Society aims, so its editors say, at being the first of a series of 'a regular Magazine of Canberra Poetry'. The aim is to provide an outlet for a large number of talented writers living in, or connected with Canberra... To my aging view this would have to be interpreted to mean 'a large number of talented younger writers, since that is what the first number consists of. No doubt the older poets who infest the Capital Territory in such numbers appear to these young editors as a sort of graveyard of the past from which spectres, vampires and chimaeras wearing the likenesses of David Campbell, Rosemary Dobson, Dorothy Auchterlonie, R.F.Brissenden, T. Inglis Moore, A.D. Hope occasionally emerge at night-fall to grin and gibber among the living. It is true that they have their outlets for verse and, as a previous anthology of the same Poetry Society pointed out, young writers have not.

Still it is to be hoped that in time, if

their venture of launching a Canberra Poetry Quarterly succeeds as one hopes it will, it will become really representative of Canberra poetry as a whole. Even as it is, when one compares the new venture with the earlier venture entitled *i*, it is clear that this has a wider and more adventurous range: It is not limited to university poets, and, if it lacks the adventitious aid of portraits of the poets and illustrations by Arthur Boyd, it is a pleasantly designed and presented volume and the elimination of pix has made room for more poems. All the contributors to the earlier volume, except Lyndon Shea are represented in the new venture, which even includes such wrinklies and survivors of a former undergraduate era as Mark O'Connor and Graham Jackson — the work of each marked by a finish, economy and wit which are perhaps the reward of a few years more practice at this difficult art.

The editors have drawn a fine line in their preface, between the talented writer and the talented performance which they feel needs more than individual talent to bring it to fruition. It needs as well a sense of community and of place such as poets in Melbourne and Sydney enjoy. This may well be so. Perhaps the bugbear of our time in the arts is internat-

ionalism. In all of them the post generation has seen the proliferation of rootless, generalised styles that might have come from anywhere and in consequence belong nowhere. What the editors of *Canberra Poetry*, rather modestly and diffidently are attempting to do is to give a lift to poets and poetry which still has its roots in time and space of a perfectly definite kind — poetry which is not only national but regional and local, without ever losing its claim to be universal and metaphysical, the claim of all poetry everywhere. It is because of this realisation of what is most urgent to be done in poetry in the world today, that I welcome the present production and hope they will be able to get onto realise their aims.

It is because of the overriding importance of the idea that I have less to say of this practice of the poets included in the present number. Philip Mead has a crystal-brittle wit which may spark off in any direction — he is plainly tuning his instrument at the moment. Robert Crocker is working to get control of the great wealth of imagery which possesses him at the moment. In time he may possess it — and his is well on the way. Alan Gould already has it but has not yet

learned that images however directed and controlled, form a society in one poem that have to live and support one another too often they clash and diminish one another. Dale Dowse is reliving an experience at that delicate point where it may emerge, transformed into poetry or the poetry may be re-absorbed by the fierce recall of the experience — and so on. One of the most interesting poets in the volume is Janet Heath whose two poems manage to make something quite new and fresh out of a very old and, I should have thought, exhausted mode. Paul Balnaves surprises most though he claims too, by his ability in controlling a pure poetic syntax through what is otherwise a desultory loose free-verse ramble.

Too many perhaps of these younger poets still sleep in Circe's style: I mean, the easy, sleazy indiscipline of so-called free-verse. But most of them are showing a tendency to be shot of it, a movement towards tenser rhythms and more concentrated diction, a return to the dance of language and the lyric mode. It will never be the lyric of the older tradition but it looks like 'striking a new lead from the Muses' Anvil' for all that.

A.D.Hope.

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